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I Am From an Illusion

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I Am From an Illusion

BY: EMILY DURLIN

I am from back roads and bonfires,
Love and laughter coated in pure simplicity.
I am from a timeworn, deep-rooted Oak Tree in the yard,
Climbing for hours, only using my uncorrupted imagination.

I am from old dirt tracks and tarnished bleachers,
The roar of the engine humming in my ears for hours.
I am from battered checkered flags and steaming hot chocolate,
Watching the only man I cared about race through the finish line,
Long, exhausting nights, followed by dreamless sleep on the ride home,
Only waking to Dad tucking me into my bed.
And yelling. There was always yelling.

I am from worldwide travel.
From the streets of New Orleans to the oceans of France.
Exploring Switzerland's majestic castles and eating gourmet spaghetti in Italy.
I am from Mom's "Go with the flow" demeanor
Getting lost and taking the "scenic route," she would say.

I am from the crazy family in my small town's neighborhood,
Sex talks at the dinner table, no questions left unanswered.
I am from a protective brother watching my every move,
Spending endless hours together, building tent-forts and sharing our secrets.

I am from a father with a short temper,
Tables breaking and voices raised—
Slowly tearing my illusion of my "perfect" family to shreds.

Emily Durlin is a senior in English education. She transferred from DMACC with an associate's degree. This is now her third semester here. She enjoys long walks on the beach and reading sappy romance novels. Someday, Emily hopes to teach overseas, fall in love, and have two kids and a cat.